The World

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PITTSBURG'S PEERAGE.

Another Pittsburg millionaire's daughter has married an English peer. The guests at the wedding included earls and lords, dowager countesses and viscountesses, ordinary sirs by the dozen, and generals and admirals to add gold lace and lustre.

Part of the honeymoon will be spent on the Pittsburg millionaire's yacht. The blissful period will be prolonged at a villa in Italy. After that Lord and Lady Ellenborough will visit Pittsburg, where her father's fortune was made and where he gave a park and endowed a hospital, as is the custom of Pittsburg millionaires. The American standing of the bride's father in the multi-millionaire class is attested by Andrew Carnegie and J. Pierpont Morgan having sent wedding presents, and the superiority of the bride to American girls whose fathers are not Pittsburg millionaires was proved by the exclusion of ordinary Americans from the wedding.

The British peerage is more numerous than the multi-millionaires of the United States. It costs less. A peer can be created any time by the nomination of the Prime Minister and the issue of a warrant of nobility with the approval of the King. The English people make no objection to the creation of new peers. Rather it is popular with the masses of people that the number of the nobility should be enlarged, since it gives successful professional men, brewers and politicians more hope that they or their children may be numbered among the nobility.

The greatest obstacle to the wider extension of the peerage is King Edward's refusal to create additional peers who have not enough money to live up to that high social rank. For aspirants to the English peerage to seek to qualify themselves by promoting trusts, by the methods of American high finance, by railroad rebates, by the tariff and by grabbing the public lands, would be to take money out of the pockets of the English people, and that the English people would not stand.

Only a few weeks ago the English public rose against such a trifling matter as a soap trust instigated by some enterprising American. The largest English soap manufacturers concluded to combine. They arranged to recapitalize themselves with the usual injection of water in their stock. To earn dividends on this new stock they began to sell fifteen ounces of soap for a pound.

The English people simply stopped buying any soap made by the Soap Trust. The English Soap Trust promptly publicly apologized to the English people and dissolved.

Since the English people will not tolerate their peers following the example of the American millionaire there is no way for poor Englishmen of aristocratic ambitions to attain their desires without getting money somewhere else, and, of course, without soiling their hands with toil.

To accomplish this nothing is easier than to marry the daughter of a Pittsburg millionaire. Pittsburg millionaires are at present plentiful. In early life they were poor, and like other poor men they married and had children. These children can attain no greater rank or power in the United States than the size of their father's millions. If there were only one child and she were to marry the only son of some other millionaire and they both should inherit all their father's fortunes, the doubling of wealth would of course double their social position; but many of these millionaires have several children, and the only way for them to avoid sliding back in the social scale is to marry a foreign nobleman.

For this purpose the English are preferred, since the French experiences of Jay Gould's daughter and others have not been promising. By the combination of American wealth and the English peerage both parties have got what they bargained for. The American girl is enabled to snub her former friends whose social position has no other basis than wealth. The English peer is placed in position to meet King Edward's requirement as regards promotion in the peerage.

As for the American people who have paid for it all, the American workmen who have produced it all, the American consumers who have stinted for it all, they have the satisfaction of reading in the papers of the splendor of the wedding, the bride's dresses and diamonds, the honeymoon yacht and the villa in Italy.

How to Train a Wife.

From Black and White.

The newly married bride will need a little instruction in the art of cookery. From whom could such lessons come as acceptably as from her husband? Teach her how to make omelettes for breakfast. Your exhibition of speed and dexterity in this easy culinary feat will make a great impression on her inferior intellect.

Why Women Are Afraid of Mice

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

At last! The vindication of woman is complete. The last weapon has fallen powerless from the hand of scornful man. The explanation of the feminine fear of mice has dawned, or is about to dawn. For I am going to make it myself.

For years, whenever woman has claimed to possess equal courage with her lord, when she has sped through fire and smoke to save a burning child, or tended the wounded on the battle-field while shells burst about her head, her critics have unswerved the plea for recognition of her prowess by this coldly casual inquiry—Yes, but aren't all women afraid of mice?

And we had to admit we were, without being able to offer a single palliating reason for the universal terror.

But here it is—way down at the bottom of the first page of Saturday's Morning World, where they advertise railroad excursions and mineral waters, was a four-line despatch from Pottsville, Pa. Of course, you didn't read it. Read it now:

"Frank Kartwrit put away $60 to buy Christmas gifts. He found to-day that a neighbor's white mice had eaten the money."

Under this great, illuminating shaft of light let us revert to the woman terror of mice and ponder it.

Obviously, the inclination to jump on a chair at the appearance of a mouse is due to the fear that the fearsome creature will run under and possibly up one's skirts. In this way, the invader might attain the stocking region. Now, what do women universally keep in their stockings? Money! Hence, women are afraid of mice, because: Women love money, mice love money. They both eat it alive. When a woman has money she keeps it in her stocking. The mouse knows this. The woman knows the mouse knows it. She knows, furthermore, that mice run up things:

"Dickory, dickory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock."

You remember, but you'll probably agree with me that the chronicler of this incident sacrificed the facts to rhyme, or maybe it was to decorum. Then what more natural, more noble, more worthy of praise than that she should leap upon a chair to save her pocketbook.

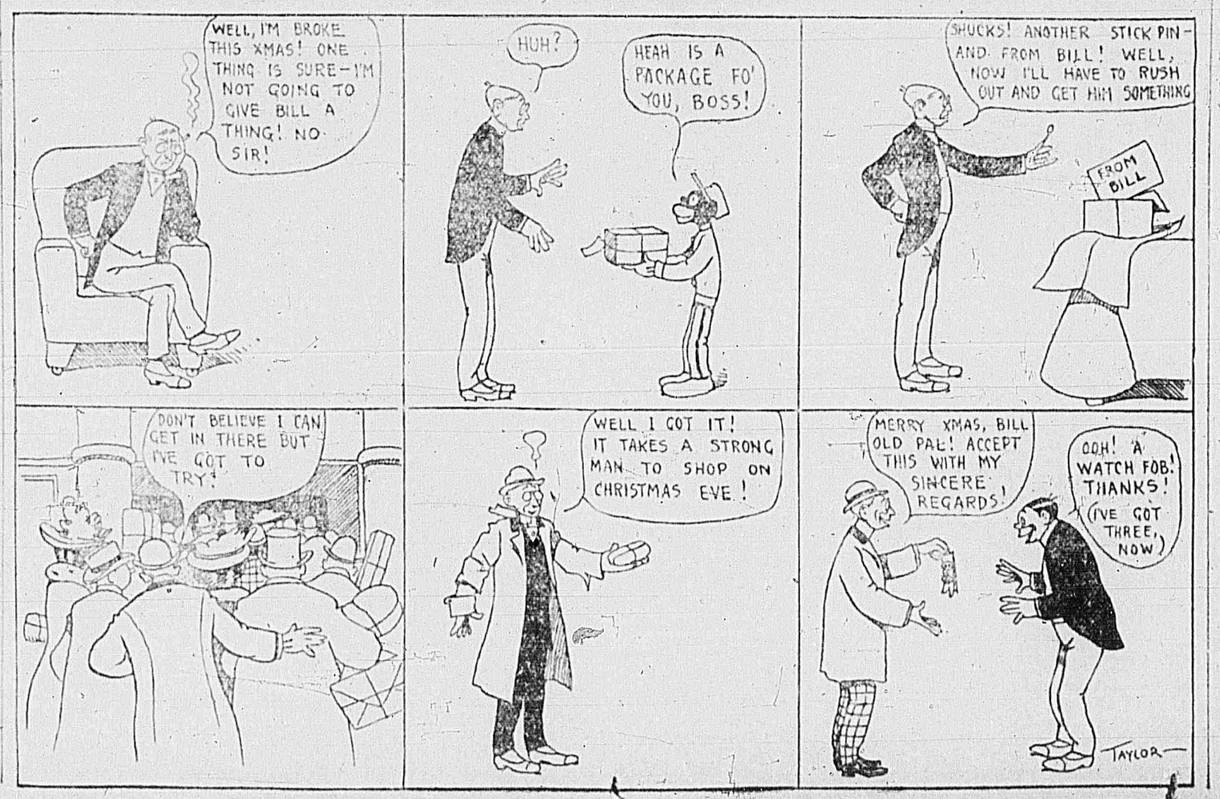
It is seldom her money, you know. You, young man—or old man as you happen to be—toiled for it and gave it to her to spend to your mutual advantage. Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself?

The impulse that you ridicule, the terror you have reproached her with, is part of her great mother impulse to protect you and your belongings.

You don't believe it? Go to Pottsville, Pa. Consider Frank Kartwrit and the white mice and be wise.

It's a Foolish World, After All!

By R. W. Taylor.



Letters from the People.

Scores Women's Critics.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have read lately how Marie Corelli and others say things against women. I think the women are having a hard time of it, everybody seems to be saying things against them. The women, if they do pad, paint and powder, do it to please the men. If it wasn't for the men, women would dress as they want to. Prof. Laughlin says women are ungraceful. But men are more so. When they walk on the street you can often see them slouching along, dragging their feet, not caring how they walk. As for the women, they have a graceful stride and walk with dignity. So I think men are more ungraceful than women. Then I see that Prof. Vance says women are selfish and luxurious. Who makes them so? Why, of course, the men. The man to-day doesn't treat a woman rightly. Woman is man's equal, but many doesn't know it, or doesn't want to know it.

HARRY WILHELM.

Slippery Pavements.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Hundreds of horses slip and fall on the slippery streets. Broad, flat iron soles on the shoes of man or horse afford the very worst kind of a foothold that could be thought of. I think, however, it is within the bounds of possibility to find a shoe of some kind of material (not rubber) that will give a good foothold. Let some one experiment along this line. J. KINTER.

One Solution of Book Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A correspondent asks: "If a person takes twelve books from a shelf without noting their order, what is the percentage of probability that they can be replaced again in their original order?" A equals 12 and B 144. Divide the equivocals by their decimeters and multiply by their denominators, which are C 3X. 9 D. Subtract 36, add the multiple of A and B and divide by E. The answer is: The chances are 576 to 1 that the entire twelve will not be replaced correctly.

J. D. RAUBERT.

In the World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I obtain the approximate ages of Lillian Russell, Anna Held, Maude Adams and other actresses?

E. RIPPINGER.

Girls in Offices.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A stenographer writes that she has trouble in maintaining an attitude of dignity and self-respect in an office. I admire her for her dignity. I like to see a dignified (but not rude or offensive) woman—a woman who has sense enough not to pay any attention to flattery. A lady who can attend to office business and still keep her self-respect makes a true wife and mother. I hope that others in her line of business will read this letter and take a lesson from it. Every decent man and woman has nothing but admiration and respect for such women. F.

TWENTY-FIVE ROMANCES of PROGRESS

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 19—ELI WHITNEY; the Magician Who Made a Nation Rich.

A YOUNG New Englander went down to Georgia in 1792, to teach school. He was a raw-boned Massachusetts youth, Eli Whitney by name, who had just worked his way through Yale by doing carpentry jobs and tutoring his less clever classmates.

Young Whitney had no money; no prospects. The part of Georgia to which he went could support a schoolmaster only at starvation wages. It was a farming section. Cotton was the principal crop. There was not much money in this product, for the time and labor involved in picking and cleaning it for market were too great to allow large margin. Hence the planters were poor and many of them talked of emigrating.

Whitney lived on the plantation of Gen. Nathaniel Greene's widow, a thrifty soul who took a motherly interest in the poor New Englander. He is also said to have been deeply in love with a pretty Georgia girl whom mutual lack of funds prevented his marrying.

The chief topic of conversation in the neighborhood was cotton, and the chief complaint the difficulty of separating the lint from the seed in the cotton boll. This work was all done by hand. One man, working hard, could only separate a single pound of cotton in a day.

Mrs. Greene had noticed how handy her young boarder was with carpentry tools and in improving and patching up farm utensils. She told some of her neighbors she was certain he could devise some sort of apparatus for helping them out of their difficulty. To please the old lady, Whitney set to work thinking out the desired invention. Soon he became intensely interested in it on his own account. He utilized an outhouse for his workshop and drew up a rough plan for what was later to be known as "the cotton gin." He had not the proper tools at hand for the purpose. So he made such tools himself. He had no wire, nor means of procuring it. So he made that also; and began to construct his model.

Invents The Cotton Gin.

At last the first cotton gin was complete. It was a mechanism of revolving brushes and saws, fitted up with an automatic fan to throw aside the lint as the machinery moved. By means of this invention, which a single man or woman could operate, one thousand pounds of cotton could be separated from the seeds in a day. In other words, it would enable one man to accomplish just a thousand times as much work in a day as before. It was equal to a cotton-separating force of one thousand workers.

Most inventions are crude, and must be improved on by later men. The cotton gin is almost the only machine ever devised which is practically the same to-day as its first model.

News of the miraculous contrivance spread through all the South. People travelled hundreds of miles to view the invention and to watch it at work. Whitney's name was on all lips. Then, as he was arranging to patent his cotton gin, thieves broken into his workshop one night and stole the model, hoping to copy it and make similar gins of their own before the patent could be secured. Thus, at the very threshold of success, Whitney received his first terrible setback. Furious at such ingratitude from inhabitants of the very section that was to profit most by his invention, Whitney left the South and moved to Connecticut, where he began a systematic manufacture of cotton gins. In this he was aided by the State of South Carolina, which showed its thanks to him in the very practical form of a gift of $50,000.

But his rights were assailed and he became involved in a series of costly lawsuits, nearly all of which he lost. Thus his invention of the cotton gin proved merely a barren honor. He made not a dollar by it.

But the gin itself had by that time revolutionized American commerce. In 1791 only 189,500 pounds of cotton had been exported to Europe. The next year Whitney's apparatus was made, and in 1803 the annual amount of export cotton had been increased to 41,000,000 pounds. Cotton growing became a splendidly paying industry. Thousands of miles of Southern territory were opened up to cultivation and trade, and employment was secured for millions of workers. The price of cotton fell and it became well within the means of the poor. America for the first time was recognized the world over as a great trading centre. United States products became absolutely necessary to Europe. What Washington had done for freedom Whitney had done for trade. His cotton gin trebled the value of Southern land, changed barren wastes to rich estates, built up capital and created a new valuation and distribution of property.

Robbed of His Reward.

And the man who had accomplished all this was robbed of every cent due him for his inestimable service to mankind. He, like others, paid the bitter price of Progress-Making.

He was, however, more fortunate in later ventures. For, in 1798, he invented a process for making firearms in detached parts (the first time it had ever been done) with a separate set of workers on each part, the different pieces to be later fitted accurately together. He started a factory for this industry in Whitneyville, Conn., and by securing big Government contracts grew rich.

But it is because of his cotton gin that Eli Whitney deserves his niche in the Hall of Fame. He laid the cornerstone of our country's commercial greatness. And the empty gratitude of the nation he enriched is the only payment he ever received.

The Girl at the Candy Counter.

By Margaret Rohe.

"YOU know everything," said the Regular Eighty-Cents-a-Pound Customer, "tell me why it is a woman thinks it necessary to twist a good old American name out of joint and give it a foreign curlique whenever she begins to get a musical ambition?"

"That's easy," said the Girl at the Candy Counter, "because she has to."

"Well, why does she have to, then?" pursued the Regular Customer.

"Because you wouldn't have it any other way," said the Girl at the Candy Counter. "I don't mean you, personally, though I suppose you are like all the rest. Audiences don't want the Smiths and the Scotts and the Parkers and plainly-named folks like that to sing to them. They want the Smiths and the Scottis and the Parkinis to cheer them up with song. It's perfectly logical. Homely names are not poetic, they are not picturesque; they don't appeal to the sentiments and emotions. And if music means anything it means poetry. So, you see, it isn't an affectation for a patriotic American girl to put a few extra vowels in her name; it's just a matter of giving the people what they want and what they pay to get."

"But don't you think a mere Smith could sing as charmingly as a swagger Smithi?" inquired the Regular Customer.

"She might," agreed the Girl at the Candy Counter, "if she got the chance, but impresarios and musical audiences are not giving the mere Smiths any chances."

HARLEM PASTORALS.

The Xmas Eve Shopper.

By Walter A. Sinclair.

'TWIXT Lexington and Morningside,
Where Harlem's marts of trade abide,
Where crosstown cars and lovers glide,
I met on Christmas Eve
A sad and solitary man
Built on eleventh hour plan,
Who cornered me and then began
This gloomy tale to weave:

"IN me you see a lack of glee, for I'm a fear-filled wight;
I needs must roam—don't dare go home—for I am chill with fright,
'Tis Christmas eve, and you'll believe"—and here he paused to cough—
"That I feel blue, because—'tis true!—I put my shopping off—
Off till to-night, I tell you right. Oh, fool I was to try!
But I just said, 'Next day,' as sped the swift December by;
And when at last all days were past and Christmas Eve came 'long
I grabbed some cash and, bold but rash, I joined the Harlem throng.

"Then why this tear? This waiting here? And why my empty hands?
I've told it o'er to half a score, but no one understands.
I stood before a Harlem store—the clock was striking eight—
A comely dame before us came—shampoos to 'demonstrate'
An hour or so. At last I go. But halt before a place
Wherein a man before the clan of rubbers razed his face.
Another gent, with same intent, a muscle-pulley jerked.
On pane I pressed my nose and vest, before each window lurked.

"You know the end, my patient friend. At last, indeed, I woke.
The stores were closed, as you supposed—to me it is no joke.
I've not one gift. They'll all be miffed—my relatives—and sore!
I'm down and out, without a doubt; but why distress you more?
The Christmas chimes will hand me limes, as bitterly I cuss
The street displays that caused my daze, and all this blooming muss.
The Moral's clear. I'll spring it here, then say if I deceive;
If you delay, why, wait a day. Don't try it Christmas Eve."